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TITUS AND HIS FAMILY.

More than two hundred years ago, there lived in one of the many islands of the empire of Japan, a great nobleman. He was universally loved and esteemed for his high descent and distinguished virtue.

Now many years, before the first dawn of life had beamed upon him, there came across the broad ocean, some good and holy men to preach the gospel to the heathenish population of that island-kingdom. Thousands had listened to the missionaries and received baptism. Titus also—for this was the name given him at the font—was a Christian, and, with his family, derived his greatest happiness from his belief in God and Jesus Christ. The Christian religion made daily progress in these lands, and there was reason to hope, that all Japan would be converted from the worship of dumb idols to the service of the living God.

But the infidel priests, fearing for their credit and immense revenues, went to the emperor and the kings, who were subject to his authority, and endeavoured to prevail on them to root out Christianity from the Japanese empire. A cruel edict was published by the emperor to the effect, that all who would not abandon their faith, should be put to death. Christians innumerable preferred to die rather than betray their Lord and Saviour, and suffered frightful torments with admirable constancy. Titus was the first upon whom the king, who was his superior lord, cast his eyes. He said within himself: "If I succeed in prevailing on this man whom the Christians revere so much, to apostatise from Christianity, then all the Christians will imitate his example." He summoned him to his palace, and exerted all his eloquence to seduce him from his belief in Christ. As all his flatteries and all his promises were ineffectual, the king threatened to put him to a most cruel death. But Titus remained undaunted. "I am ready," said he, "to give my blood and life for thee, Oh king; but I may do nothing against my conscience. Be my fidelity to my God a pledge, that I will be true to thee and our emperor even unto death. But I am still more ready to die for my Lord and Saviour. Death is to us Christians the entrance to eternal life.

The king spoke: "Well, since thou dost not fear death, I will find a most effectual way to enforce thy obedience." With a threatening countenance and his outstretched arm, he beckoned to him to retire.

Titus had three lovely blooming children—Simon, the eldest, was sixteen years old; Martina, the daughter, numbered fourteen; Matthias, a most charming boy, had not passed his ninth summer.

Titus and his good wife, whose dispositions resembled those of her husband, had made it their first duty to bring up their children in piety and virtue, and to instruct them to their utmost in the Christian religion.

The next day, while the parents and their children were on their knees, and, with great devotion, making their morning prayer, a party of soldiers suddenly encompassed the house. The captain entered the room and addressed Titus in a haughty and threatening manner: "I have received orders from the king to carry away thy youngest son. If he will not deny his faith, he will this very hour be burnt to death in the fore-court of the royal palace."

The father was alarmed—the mother turned pale as death. They feared—not so much that the devoted boy should be thrown into the flames, as that he would be terrified at the sight of the glowing fire, and renounce his religion.

"Oh! my child," the father said to him, "think of the holy old man, Polycarp, of whom I have often told thee. Thou knowest that when it was said to him, he must either deny and blaspheme Christ, or be burnt to death, he answered: 'I have served Him these four-score and six years, and He never did me any harm, but much good; and how can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour!' Think, my child, what a good master He must be, for whom one after six-and-eighty years' service, fears not the flames. Do that, my son, joyfully, child though thou art, which a hoary old man has done before thee." The mother spoke, in imitation of the mother of the Macchabees, hot tears streaming from her eyes: "Yes, my son, have pity on me and die content."

But the boy spoke: "Oh! mother, weep not, I die with pleasure, I fear not death. For Jesus Christ, my Master, I willingly sacrifice my life."

His brother and sister gazed upon him with eyes full of tears, and bade him farewell. All wished to accompany him. But the captain spoke: "Back! presume not to leave this house." All now embraced the beloved Matthias—Simon and Martina could not tear themselves from him. But he said: "Oh, leave

me! I depart with joy. I am going to heaven. There we shall meet again."

The captain spoke: "Cruel father! Unfeeling mother! Do the king's behests, and your son is free. You yourselves give him up to the devouring flames."

The father and mother said to the captain: "Dost thou think it pains us not thus to part with our beloved son?" But to the child he spoke: "Go, dear son! God be with thee! Momentary sufferings bring eternal life."

The boy departed, led by the soldier's hand. Often did he look back, his eyes overflowed with tears, but still he smiled. They eagerly watched him, until he entered the fore-court of the royal palace, and the door was closed behind him. It was surrounded with a high wall, and thitherwards all directed their sorrowing eyes. "Oh God!" the mother suddenly exclaimed, "they are burning him." The father thought of Abraham, raised his looks to heaven, and said: "By Thee, O God, may he be accepted as a whole burnt offering."

The morning dawn found the father, mother, and their two remaining children in tears, after watching the live-long night. "Alas!" sighed the mother, "the fiery red of the morning sky recalls to my mind the flames wherein our dear little Matthias perished."

But a short time passed, before the captain returned and entered the room. "Your little son," he said, "is now dust and ashes. I have come to take away your daughter. But be not thou," said he, as he contemplated Martina, "dear gentle child, so foolish as thy brother. Behold! the king is ready to deck thee with gold and pearls."

Martina spoke: "What profit gold and pearls? The faith that has been proved by sufferings, is more precious than gold tried by the fire; and godliness is this precious pearl, for which we must sacrifice our all. What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Alas!" said the captain, who could not look on the tender virgin without emotion, "pity were it in truth, that this beauty, blooming like a flower, should be cut down."

Martina spoke: "All flesh is as grass, and all the beauty of man as a flower of the field. The grass withers, the flower dies away. But the soul which does the will of God, blooms eternal."

"Now," said the captain, "I may conceal nothing from thee. Thou wilt be cast to furious wild beasts, to be torn and devoured. Dost thou not tremble thereat?"

Martina thought of the holy bishop and martyr, Ignatius, who had been thrown among lions, and spoke like him: "I am the wheat of God, and am to be ground by the teeth of wild beasts, that I may be found the pure bread of Christ."

The father, full of heavenly consolation, said: "Oh, my daughter! Happy art thou! Thou hast received into thy heart the precepts of Jesus Christ, and kept them trustfully. The spirit of God giveth thee light and strength to follow these precepts, and die joyfully in the faith of Christ."

The mother spoke, her eyes drowned in hot tears at the prospect of the bloody death which awaited her daughter, but consoled withal, by the constancy of the tender virgin in her faith in Christ: "Go, my dear child; the spirit of God will attend thee, that thou mayest happily accomplish the good fight." Father, mother, and brother embraced the young martyr with sobs and sighs. But she tore herself from them, and said with joy: "Father, mother, and brother, weep no more. Rejoice with me: I feel as if I saw the gates of heaven open to receive me. There, there we shall meet again; there we shall be eternally happy with Christ."

The captain departed, and the soldiers who encircled the house, would not allow the sorrowing parents and weeping brother to follow her.

When the morning of the third day came, the captain again presented himself. "Your daughter," said he, "has perfected her work. I have come to take away your remaining son. But you have still time to embrace a better course. Bethink you, before you deliver him into my hands. Will you then bereave yourselves of all your children? Would you, ye cruel parents, through your obstinacy, give him up to a bloody death? Look at him now, the handsome blooming youth. Shall your noble family entirely disappear with him, and your name vanish from the earth? He is the delight of your eyes, the consolation of your life, the support of your old age. With what affection will he watch over you in your latter days, how softly close your eyes in death. Speak to him, and induce him by the love and gratitude he bears you, to preserve his life for your sakes. What doth your obstinacy profit either him or yourselves? Know ye, it lies in our power to put him to a most cruel death."

The noble youth spoke: "You would have no power over me, were it not given you from above. You would not be able to do aught against me, did not God so permit. And the chalice which my heavenly Father offers me, shall I not drink? His beloved Son died for all men. Oh! how sweet is it to die for love of Him, who for love of us sacrificed His life!"

"Know then," said the captain, "the king will have thee crucified. Sweet and delightful will it seem, indeed, to hang upon the cross for several days, with pierced hands and feet, to feel the smart of the burning wounds made by the nails, and without support to die thereon amid the continual torments of death."

The heroic youth said: "Oh! what consolation—what joy is mine at being thought worthy to die the same death which my Redeemer endured. I will endeavour to bleed and suffer like Him, until with Him I may say, 'It is consumated.'"

"Well spoken, beloved son!" the father said. "God will give thee strength to persevere to the end. Certes, thou art but a mere youth, but by God's grace thou hast the courage of a man. May His grace be with thee that sanctifies the word! Happy

the man who patiently endureth his trial; for if he be found faithful, he will receive the crown of life, which God hath prepared for those that love Him."

The son in silence raised his eyes and hands to heaven; embraced his father and mother; left the room at a rapid pace, and the captain followed him.

The noble Titus and his devout wife watched the night in prayer, spoke to each other words of encouragement and consolation, and when the morning broke, expected hourly to be summoned to execution. At last the captain appeared. "Noble lady," he said to Mary, "I have come to conduct thee to the king. Like thy husband thou didst not pity thy children: alas! take pity on thyself at least. Verily, I fear thy noble head will fall beneath the axe. For to this death art thou doomed. Thou smilest! Thou lookest joyously towards heaven! Dost thou then deem it a trifling matter thus to sacrifice thy life?"

The devout lady, inspired with heavenly wisdom, said: "I willingly give away this transitory life to win an eternal crown. Oh! what joy to be restored in a few moments to my children! It grieves me not to leave my husband; for he will, I doubt not, follow me to-day or to-morrow. Oh! when I think of heaven, how miserable—how joyless is this earth! In that happy land there is no more separation from those we love; there no tears of sorrow flow; there no sighs are heard more. No eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for those that love Him."

"That is our sweetest consolation," said Titus, "that our brightest hope. Certes, we have had in this life many hours of sorrow, and during these latter days, our souls have been sad at the death of our dear children; but all the sufferings of this time of our whole earthly career, are but a mean sacrifice for the splendour which awaits us there."

Mary took her veil and said: "Beloved husband, though I part from, and go before thee, I bid thee not farewell. Going as I am, to the other world, it seems as though I were passing across the street into the opposite house, yea, into the next room. Thou too wilt quickly follow me. Death separates us but a short time; it unites us and our children with Christ, with Mary, the Apostles, and all good men, eternally. Why should we grieve thereat? We have every reason to rejoice; even now, we are willing and happy in hope." She left the room; the captain accompanied her.

Ere an hour was gone, the captain returned in haste, and said: "Titus, come with me to the king." Titus went with him, and the captain conducted him into the presence chamber.

The king stood near a table, on which rich robes of purple and silk, silver workmanship of every kind, caskets of pearls and precious stones, were profusely displayed. Titus made a low reverence to the king; but cast a mere momentary glance of contempt on the costly things before him. The king said: "The riches thou seest are not for thee. Even thy children have rejected them with scorn. But come, I will show thee treasures infinitely more valuable."

Titus spoke: "Give thyself no useless trouble, Oh king! conduct me rather to the funeral pile, and to the places sprinkled with my wife's and childrens' blood. I have done with this wretched world. Whatever thou canst show me as precious on earth, I deem as nought."

He answered: "Come and see." He opened a door and bade him enter. Titus entered a splendid hall, and was fixed with astonishment, mute and motionless as the marble statue. For what met his eye? There he beheld his wife surrounded by their three children, her countenance beaming happiness and delight, and all conversing with heart-felt joy. They did not perceive him immediately, but he could not breathe for a long time through astonishment. As another will grow pale with terror, he grew pale through joy. His heart beat violently, he gasped for breath, he could not utter a word.

At last he approached them with outstretched arms, and said in a loud voice: "Oh God of heaven! What do I see? Thou livest still, my dear wife! And thou, sweet daughter, hast not been cast to the wild beasts! You too, beloved sons, have escaped execution! I deemed you dead, and see you living! I feel as though I beheld you rising from the grave." All rushed towards him. His wife embraced him, and bathed his face with tears of joy; his children kissed his hands and clasped his knees. All experienced a felicity which no tongue may tell. "Oh! how great," said the father, "will be the happiness of meeting in heaven!" The mother and children said: "We feel as if we were already there." The king was sensibly affected by the moving scene, and even in his eye the bright tear stood. "What a loving, what a lovely family!" said he.

Titus restrained the excess of his joy, and addressed the king: "But say, Oh king! why thou didst at first utter such fearful threats against us, and condemn my children to so cruel a death, and art now so kind and gracious towards us?"

The king said: "I must needs tell thee why. I was not averse to the Christian religion—the Christians were my most loving subjects; but I was required by the cruel and repeated edicts of the emperor to root out of my province that religion, alas! which he hates so much. Whereupon I considered how I could execute his commands with the least possible bloodshed, or rather without any at all. As the Christians look upon thee as the best man of their society, I resolved to make my first trial with thee. Hadst thou obeyed me, thy example would probably have induced them to do the like; in the event of thy resistance, I thought thy execution would terrify them into submission. Thou didst reject my proposals. I then thought I should find in thy children, an entrance to thy feelings as a father, and induce thee rather to deny thy faith, than deliver them into the hands of death.

"But thou art perfectly ignorant how thy children

and wife conducted themselves in the palace. I will tell thee, that thy heart may be glad.

"Thou knowest I first summoned thy youngest child. The captain had received orders to tell thee what kind of death awaited thy son. He, this worthy old soldier, informed me of what you, his parents, had said, and what courage and heroism your child displayed at his separation from you. I caressed the devoted boy, stroked his cheeks and golden locks, and showed him all that can delight a child, and promised it should be his. But he shook his head with great earnestness. I ordered him to be led to the blazing funeral pile, and was perfectly astonished at his eagerness and joy to stretch himself upon it. Still I was sorry to harm the noble little Matthias. By my commands he was shut up in one of the rooms of my palace, and strictly watched, but furnished with all things necessary. I sent the captain again, with orders to leave you under the impression that your little son had been burnt to death. I bade him fetch your daughter, and inform you what death she was doomed to suffer. The captain brought her, and informed me what had passed between her and her parents. I called for the richest and most exquisite articles of dress, which usually delight girls of her age. She was shown to the furious tigers, whose fiery eyes glared through their iron latticed door, and which, with wide extended jaws, studded with sharp teeth, thirsted for her blood. I ordered the tender virgin to be placed in the centre of the court. The soldiers withdrew. I and many others watched her from the windows of the palace. But there she stood, bright and joyous as the angels of God are represented in your pictures, and fearlessly waited for the portcullis to be raised. How could I bring my heart to allow so gentle, so devoted a being, as your innocent heroic daughter, to be devoured by wild beasts? Impossible! I could not!

"As undaunted as she and your younger son, the eldest stood. Though it were more proper to call him a boy than a youth, he spoke with a courage worthy of a man. The wooden cross, the hammer and nails lay at his feet. Still he showed no sign of fear. He did not wait for the executioners to place him on the wood of the cross. With outstretched arms, he laid himself thereon, and said to the attendants: 'Do your bidding. As my Redeemer died, so will I also die.'

"Certes," the king went on, "in your children was displayed that heavenly fortitude, against which all the powers of the earth do nought avail. I confessed myself conquered—I took him myself to his brother and sister. Thy wife, too, conducted herself as the worthy mother of such children. I restored the children to their mother, and now give back to thee—mother and children."

The king embraced Titus and spake: "A religion which brings forth such good fruits, forms such virtuous men, unites parents and their children by such tender ties, inspires such courage at the hour of death, and gives so strong a hope of eternal life after death, must come from heaven. Certes, the Christian religion is the best, the most beneficent gift of heaven.

"And now, dear Titus," he continued, "let us be friends! I am firmly resolved myself to become a Christian. Receive me, ye good and noble men, into your fraternity. Yes! from this moment I wish to belong to the society of Christians. I know well, and see beforehand, that the persecutions against them will not cease in our country; I am aware that if no greater evil comes upon me, I shall have to give up my crown. But what are all earthly crowns to that, which even the humblest of men, who believe, hope, and love like you, may obtain? Incomparably preferable is the heavenly crown."

GERMAN CLEANLINESS.

THERE is a great deal of washing in Germany, but little cleaning. They are a slopping people. There is a perpetual slip-slop in their passages and about their doors. A wet cloth is thrown down and worked about with a broom; but for cleaning under a bed, or brushing the dust from beneath sofas, on even tables and chairs, it does not occur to them. The vehement filth of their most necessary apartments is powerfully apparent. It is for the most part mere show-cleaning. On Saturday evenings it is a service of danger to walk the streets, such is the sluicing of water-buckets and scouring the stones. But the greatest danger is from the handles of the window-brushes, which are long enough to wash the first-floor windows, and when suddenly and recklessly shortened by the busy servant-maids, it requires some management to avoid an awkward poke in the ribs. The German ladies look with contempt upon our English housewives, who are not perpetually fussing in the kitchen. Those who reside amongst them say they are adepts in the application of the screw.—*Hot-Water Cure.*

In order to make a great progress in perfection, we should endeavour to attach ourselves to one thing at a time, to one book of devotion, to one spiritual exercise, to one virtue, to one ejaculation, and so on: not indeed that we ought to reject and abandon all other things, but to take care that this practice of virtue, to which we apply ourselves, should be the more constant object before our eyes, and the principle end of our actions, so that when occasions of others present themselves, we should look upon them rather in a light of accessaries. To act otherwise, to go from one exercise to another, is to imitate those, who at a feast taste something of every dish, and thus ruin the digestion: it is, moreover, a constant study, without ever arriving at the knowledge of the science of the saints, and thus ends with the loss of tranquility of soul with God, which is that one thing needful which Mary chose. On the other hand, we must needs guard against a vice, into which not a few fall; which is, attaching ourselves too much to our own peculiar practices and spiritual exercises; which naturally makes us feel a certain disgust for all other manners of going on, which are not exactly conformable to our own; imagining that we exactly do that which is right, and esteeming as imperfect those who do not follow exactly the same plan. He who has the right spirit, derives edification from all practices, and condemns none.—*S. Francis of Sales.*

A certain devout man named Pascasius used to say, that for twenty years he had never begged of God any thing but humility, and even yet he had but little of it.

THE FIRST FEAST OF CORPUS DOMINI.

"Benedicat terra Dominum: laudet et superexaltat Eum in sæcula."
"Let the earth bless the Lord: let it praise and magnify Him for ever."
BENEDICTUS.

"Easter with its white octave had passed by, and the glorious return of our Lord to his eternal seat in heaven having been sung, the mystical light—'Lumen Christi.'—of the Paschal time, was extinguished; for now the Bridegroom was gone, and the children of the Bridegroom and the widowed church—mourned for the Divine Spouse. Past too, was that great Feast, in which the sudden and awful gift of Tongues of Fire, seemed to bear witness that the Church was to repair the loss of pride-stricken Babel. And now, in the very fulness and flush of flowery May, the month of the Flowers of Saints, holy Church was preparing for the solemn and joyful Feast of Corpus Domini; and as any thing beautiful was either created for, or created by the Church, to raise up the hearts of men to a purer and nobler devotion, she desired also to call together the whole wealth of natural things, to consecrate them to their Lord's service. The greatest mystery of all, the Mysteries of Sacramental Grace, was now about to be celebrated with all the glory of the Church. For many false and delusive errors having sprung up, and in some, a want of generous faith in the profound humility of our Blessed Lord, the Spiritual Father of the Faithful, Pope Urban IV. had ordered a solemn feast and processions to honour His dwelling among men, and to show the gratitude of the Church for His ineffable love.

On the morning of the Feast, then, the Angel of the Flowers went forth on his mission to call together and choose among them such as should most worthily honour their Lord. The dew-drops shone thickly upon the emerald turf, and spread themselves like a net of pearl above the fresh young blades of corn that sprang gladly in the furrows. The trees opened their fan-like sprays in the morning breeze. The birds began their choral song. For the red clouds already streaked the eastern sky, over which the yellow flush of dawn began to spread in silent beauty. How solemn, and sweet, and full of holy influences is that silent hour of dawn; leading back the mind to that primal day when Creation was first finished, and the earth was sent on its way amid the joy of angelic songs!

How fairly then spread the vast woods, where a ray of the sun had, as yet, never penetrated; how bright shone the flowing rivers, when they first rolled onwards to the sounding and eternal sea, whose mighty voice poured forth a giant song of joy in his own majesty, as he first girdled round the green earth with silver bands; how sweet was the "quiet tune" of hidden brooks, when first they murmured softly among buds and flowers; how joyous were the cups of those flowers themselves, when they first upraised their shining chalices to the face of the glorious sun! Beautiful was the green earth in that primal day; and beautiful is its reflection still at the silent hour of morning.

The angel went forth then at that hour upon the earth; and with the first level rays of the rising sun the flowers lifted up their heads, for they knew that he was to present them to the Church that day, to honour their blessed Lord. Many of them grew in a fair large garden of a Cistercian Abbey; many flowered without its ivy-covered walls, in the free woodland; many in the rich corn-fields and broad meadows which spread around; and many beside the brimming river which flowed hard by, or floated on its glassy breast. The angel stood on a gentle mound, covered with softest turf, which sloped upwards under a group of time-worn oaks, whose white limbs were now adorned with a bright flush of green. For a little while he stood there alone, with folded wings, as if in prayer; but when the Angelus-bell sounded from the distant abbey, the rustling of many wings was heard around him, and sweet rich voices joined with his in the hymn of praise—

"Ave Maria! Now the night is past,
We call on men to bless thy holy name;
Mother of God! awaken earth to hail
That wondrous love no mortal heart can frame.
Hail, Heavenly Food,
Thrice-holy Flesh and Blood!
Which changing earth to heaven—to sinful man was given.

"Ave Maria! Blessed Virgin meek,
The heavenly choirs adoring praise thy Son,
Who gave at eventide Himself for food,
Then in the moonlight hour went forth to bleed alone
Hail, sacred Pelican!
Who for lost sinful man
Didst see Thy heart's blood flowing—both Flesh and Blood bestowing.

"Ave Maria! Mother of God and man,
We adore with thee, the two-fold Mystery;
We adore the Flesh Divine, the Precious Blood,
While bread and wine are there to human eye.
Hail to thee, Hail! O Bread of Heaven—to life eternal Thou art ever given!"

But when they had ended the hymn, the angels departed on their errands, and the Angel of the Flowers was left alone on the green lawn. Then came up the flowers as he called them to present themselves before him, to beg that they might be allowed to honour their Lord that Feast-day. And first appeared the Rose, who leaving her bright companions of every shade and hue, bent down her blushing and beautiful head before him, and said: "Behold me, O Angel of the Flowers; our Lord likened Himself to me when He desired to express His surpassing excellence. He is the Rose of Sharon. His dear Mother also is named the Mystical Rose, to show that she is the chief flower among the saints. I belong therefore rightly to the Church, and should devote myself to her service. When the summer is in its prime, I come forth as its most glorious perfection. But I do not pride myself on my beauty, I rather conceal it among thorns, and when rude winds assail me, I repay them with sweet odours. Let me then spread my flowers on the earth before our Lord's path, and as well as I can, prepare a way for Him, while angels sing in praise of His wondrous love to man."

The Rose ceased speaking, and a sweet odour from the humility of her words, spread through the air. The Angel waved a slender crosslet he bore in his hand, and the Rose stood at his side.

The Lily came next, and when she stood before the Angel, a whisper ran through the flowers at her shining beauty. "Thou knowest, O Angel," she said in a clear voice, "that our Lord Himself spoke of me to the multitudes on the mountain, and told them that Solomon in all his glory was not to be likened to me; and I rejoice always at that saying, for he made me what I am. But chiefly I rejoice because his dear Mother is compared to me; and because in after ages, holy Church likened all her virgin souls also to me, and I am her emblem of purity. Let me then go with the Rose to strew the path of our Lord, for I too belong to the Church. But let me veil my

head in my broad leaves of green." So saying, the Lily bent down her spotless head, and the low ringing of her bells was like the echo of her words. And she too was desired to stand with the Rose at the Angel's side.

Next rose up the small lowly Violet, quite bent down beneath her leaves. She spoke in a very lowly voice these words: "Take pity upon me, O thou sweet Angel, I am only an humble bud of the woods and fields. Scarcely has the bitter winter-wind left the earth, before I unfold my blossoms and carpet the brown banks and nooks of meadow-ground with white and purple tapestry. I am the first to greet the spring, and to return thanks to the Creator for having made me and my sisters. Let me go therefore unseen and unnoticed to be at His feet, for I am the emblem of Confessors, who, while they are far from the first in the ranks of heaven, are yet many and lovely in the sight of God." The gentle voice ceased its low murmur; but the flowers observed that no one among them all shed so sweet and grateful an odour as the Violet. The Angel stooped, and placed her himself close to his side.

Next came forth the gorgeous Geranium, with its broad leaves of green. She was passing fair and graceful, but somewhat haughty of mien, and she spoke in a rich soft voice in a flowing tongue: "I am come, O Angel, to ask leave to honour our Lord's Tabernacle this day, for he has made me more gorgeous than the other flowers, and has spread out my blossoms in every hue and shade to put joy into the hearts of the beholders. Behold too, that my flowers are more lasting than other flowers. Let me then twine rich wreaths for His dwelling-place among men, for He is Beauty, and He loves all beautiful things."

The Angel paused a moment. He knew how dangerous are great and rare gifts to the possessor; and desiring to intimate this to the beautiful Geranium, he waved her to stand at his left hand.

The large Convolvulus came next. She fixed her deep blue eyes, full of tears of morning dew, upon the ground: faint red streaks shot across her cheek, and a murmur arose at her wonderful and transparent beauty. "Behold, O angel!" she said, "I am come with fear and trembling to ask leave to go with the other flowers. I desire ardently to join them in honouring Him; but I am very weak and timid, and the least touch injures my weak and tender flowers. I fear much that my wavering faith will not last through the burthen and heat of the day, but will cause me to fade and fall." The Convolvulus checked her speech, and shrank up her cup in trembling shame. The angel gently consoled her, and told her that if she was careful to look only to her Lord, there would be no danger of her flowers fading.

Next came the Anemone, who spoke bluntly, and said: "I am not a sweet flower; in most countries, indeed, I am nothing more than a weed, but I am more content to be (as I am) a weed, the commonest weed of the Holy City of the world, than to be carefully cherished in any other place. If I may have leave to go to-day with the other flowers, I will make a gorgeous carpet for our Lord to pass over. I do not wish for a higher place: but I belong of right to the church, for I come out in the Paschal time, and my ancient name is the Pasch-flower."

The angel smiled at the honest Anemone, and beckoned her to stand with the other flowers at her side.

Then came forward a shadowy flower—the pale and starry Jessamine: and she sang in a low silver voice, saying: "I am very pale and delicate, and my flowers are not beautiful; but I cling to the waste and forgotten forms of ancient times, and garland them with soft green. I too belong to the church, for my starry flowers remind her children, who look on us with a thoughtful eye, of the Star of the Sea, and bid them remember as I am sweetest at night, that she cheers them best in the time of doubt, and trial, and grief. Let me go therefore with the brighter flowers."

There was a gentle murmur among the trees at these words, for the winds loved the gentle spirit-like Jessamine, who gave them back sweet odours when they wandered in the evening-dark. The angel took her by the hand, and placed her beside the Rose and the Lily.

The last flower then appeared, and for her all the others made way. She spoke in a clear calm voice, these words: "O Angel of the Flowers, I am not beautiful, and my cup is not bright with rich colours, like the cups of other flowers. Yet despise me not, though I am sad, and stamped with sorrow. I am also filled with mystic meaning, and cause great joy to the humble of heart. Behold in my leaves the cross of our Lord, the nails with which he was pierced, His twelve apostles, His seventy disciples; truly am I the flower of our Lord, and the holy name by which I have ever been known, is the Passion-flower."

And the angel spoke to her, and going forward a little space, he raised the Passion-flower and placed her in his bosom.

Then came forth the sad Olive from among the trees, and spoke thus in deep low tones, which touched all hearts: "Thou knowest me, O Angel! I am the pale-green Olive of Gethsemane. From the beginning of time I have dwelt among holy scenes. The dove brought me in her mouth to the ark as a mercy-sign to Noe, to show him that the waters of God's anger were abated. The Psalmist-king of Israel speaks of me often in his divine songs, and ever in Holy Writ I am the emblem of peace, of plenty, and of joy among men. But to myself there are holier sympathies, and different thoughts dwell in my heart. When the Eucharistic Hymn had first been sung, and our Lord went forth to bleed in the silent garden of Olivet, my branches hung over His Sacred Head, my leaves heard His unutterable groans, and witnessing the slow-flowing drops from His Adorable Heart. Of old time I was a bright and joyous-showing tree; but that night struck deep into my heart, and henceforth I am marked by chastened sorrow. I will go therefore to-day to spread myself in the dust before Him, for I have beheld His Blood, and no tongue can express His boundless love."

There was a pause when the words of the Olive were ended, and he placed himself silently at the side of the angel, apart from the flowers.

Last of all came out the well-known and much-loved tree—the Holy Palm of Jerusalem. He bent his crowned head to the angel, and thus spoke in a high and thrilling voice like a trumpet note. "I need not declare my name to you, O angel of the flowers, for my branches are borne by the blessed saints in heaven, and the white-robed choirs before the throne. My very name is Victory and Reward. Where I sojourn on earth I delight to give shade and shelter to many a weary sun-struck pilgrim, and I rejoice to accompany the career of those soldier-hearts, who, scorning the affections of this passing world, strive onwards bravely to the heavenly city of God. With those I delight to live, and while *they* behold only the rough cross on their shoulder, *I* am already awaiting them at the gates of heaven, to greet them with the eternal meed, and the name of Children of God. Fitly, then, may I desire to accompany our Lord in His passage among men, when He comes to bless them as a foretaste of that heaven."

Then arose all the flowers, and sang with one accord: "Honour be to the Palm, the sacred Palm! For he is the chief among the trees, the holy tree of heaven!"

Then the angel came down from the mount, and followed by all the flowers, he proceeded to the abbey, where passing

with that bright band through the silent corridors, he gathered them in the cloisters, and having blessed them, and sprinkled them with holy water, he departed from them, having many other missions to fulfil.

And then came joyous troops of little children, guided by a venerable old lay-brother, with a silvery beard, to the cloisters, and they clapped their hands, and gave great welcome to the flowers, for they were their friends. And they sat down on the grass, and with a sweet earnestness bound up many a fair wreath of Rose and Lily with bands of green buds; and wove chaplets of Violet and Jessamine; and crowns of the Olive and Palm, and holy Passion-flower. For the great bell of the abbey began to toll, and the procession was forming within to bear forth the Lord of Hosts to bless His city.

Would I had words to speak, or skill to write, of that glorious sight, when the gates were thrown back, and the procession poured slowly forth. For then came the long ranks of the choir, in snowy garments, chanting a joyous strain: then came the bright lights waving to and fro, and glittering censers casting fragrant clouds into the sunny air: then came the jewelled crosses, reflecting back the noon-day sun, and bright coloured gorgeous vestments, dimly gleaming with pearl and gem: and silken banners, richly fringed with gold, floated above all, whereon were traced with wonderous skill, our Blessed Lord, our Lady, and the Saints. All that the world might yield of rich or fair, was gathered there to be consecrated to its Lord, who that day came forth in profound humility hidden in sacramental veils. Robbed of His glory and stripped of His majesty, helpless, motionless, and invisible, the mighty God came forth to bless proud man. But all this glittering host passed by, and then came the white bands of innocent children, bearing their friends, the flowers, in their hands, scattering before the canopy, where lay their Lord, bright showers of fragrant buds, making a jewelled path for Him, more rich and fair than all the splendour that had gone before. The crimson Rose, the spotless Lily, the dark-blue Violet, the gorgeous Geranium, the silvery Jessamine, with every flower that grows by wood, or stream, or dell, mixed with the Olive and the feathery Palm, and the fragrant Bay and Myrtle, lay thickly gleaming on the ground, and ever, as the adoring multitudes kneeled lowly in the dust to bless their hidden Lord, the solemn strains from the distant choir, came sweet and sweeter to the ear of Faith; for they were echoed back by angelic songs from heaven.

"To the sacred host inclining,
In adoring awe we bend;
Ancient forms their place resigning,
Unto rites of nobler end!
Faith the senses dark refining,
Mysteries to comprehend.

"Sire and Son all power possessing
God, to Thee all glory be,
Might, salvation, honour, blessing,
Unto all eternity;
Holy Ghost from both progressing,
Equal glory be to Thee."

*Amen.** B.

When Joseph was tempted to commit sin, "How can I do this," said he, "and in the sight of God?" and the chaste Susannah, "It is better that I fall into your hands without fault, than that I should sin in the presence of God."

* From the beautiful translation of the Pange Lingua, in the Lyra Ecclesiastica.

THE POOR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

They, in whose hearts those mighty times have wrought
Most deeply, have upon their aspect gazed
As on an eclipse, with their eye upraised
Through the subduing mean of sombre thought.
And then it is a very fearful vision
To see the uncounted poor, who strayed forlorn
As an untended herd, with natures worn
To heartlessness through every day collision
With arrogance and wrong. Proud knights, fair dames,
And all the pomp of old chivalric names,
Fade, like a mimic show, from off the past;
And to the Christian's eye ungathered flowers
Of suffering meekly borne, in lowliest bowers,
With solemn life fill in the populous waste.

BELGIAN TOWNS.

Hail to the land of sumptuous abbeys, built
By royal-hearted burghers! Feudal keeps
And tourney rings, where highest blood was spilt,
I pass; yet my unkindled spirit sleeps.
But all my powers with deepest reverence stir,
At wrong and suffering, and the trampling down
Of hill and dale, broad land and merry town,
Beneath a kingly heel or knightly spur.
See! from a fettered people's hungry heart,
With tossing heat, and many an uncouth start,
Indignant patience is inspired to draw,
As from a holy womb, that wondrous birth,
That truest regal thing upon the earth;
The unimpassioned Sovereignty of Law!

Faber.

TURKISH SHOPS.

Each street is devoted to a particular article; in the first, you see nothing but furs; in the second, nothing but shoes; in the third, nothing but cotton stuffs; in the fourth, nothing but shawls—that is, ordinary ones of cotton or inferior wool; in the fifth, nothing but tobacco-pouches; in the sixth, nothing but pipe-tubes and so on. In the Egyptian Besestan, there is nothing but drugs, and I remarked there large sacks full of a colouring powder; this is henna, with which the women stain their nails a reddish yellow. In each booth the shopkeeper gravely sits cross-legged upon the counter, covered with a mat or a carpet, smoking, and if you enter the shop, he rolls himself down from his seat before you, to get the articles you want, reminding me of a man whom we once saw together at Vienna, and who with striking fidelity represented an ape.—*Countess Hahn-hahn's Letters.*

"Led, as we are, by corrupt nature," says Father Judde, a man who deeply studied the human heart, "it is almost always sufficient, that a thing be ordered or forbidden, to make us feel tempted to resist. Nothing can be more strange or unreasonable, but nothing is more true."

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRES DE CHEVALIER DARVIEUX.

Mount Lebanon, so celebrated in the Holy Scriptures, is a mass of many mountains, which extend in length, from the ports of Cilicia as far as Phœnicia, we may even say, to Nazareth and Thabor. It forms a chain of mountains, which borders the rich and beautiful plain of Mageddo in Esdralon. Its length is from forty to fifty leagues.

These are not dry and barren mountains, they are almost all well cultivated and well peopled.

Their summits are level in many places, and form vast plains, where they sow wheat and all kinds of roots. They are watered from many sources, from rivulets of excellent water, which shed on all sides freshness and fruitfulness, even in the most elevated places. Their sides, and the valleys which they form between them, are composed of rich earth, abounding in corn, oil, and wine; the latter is the best in Syria. To say everything in a few words, connoisseurs make no difference between this wine and that of Cyprus.

Their principal wealth is in silk. They not only provide Turkey with it, but even part of Europe and Africa.

These beautiful mountains are peopled by Christians, Greeks, and Maronites, by Druses and Mahomedans, who pass amongst the others for heretics, and on this account are called Mutaâli.

The Christians are scattered everywhere. There are even many villages where they are alone, and do not mingle with infidels; and in those where they mix with each other, they have entire liberty to practise openly all the exercises of their religion, to build churches and monasteries, and to wear the white turban. The infidels, who are their masters, permit all this, in order to retain them, that they may draw from them the sums of money which they are obliged to furnish for the Ottoman Porte. But these tributes are reasonable, and do not prevent those who are burthened with them from being rich, and leading a comfortable and agreeable life. It is true, that they are industrious, and that the earth produces easily and abundantly all that they require.

Such is the grandeur of Mount Lebanon, according to exact geography; but it has pleased the vulgar of the present day, to confine it to the part where yet remain those cedars venerable for their antiquity, and to give other names to the other parts which compose this celebrated mountain.

We departed from Tripoli after having breakfasted with Sieur, the consul Marco. We were well mounted, and well armed. Our valets conducted our mules, which carried our provisions and baggage, and we were accompanied by Sieur Joseph, Maronite priest, curé of a village distant a journey of six hours from the place of our departure. All our road was through a beautiful and very fertile plain, entirely covered with grain and vegetables and a great quantity of olive trees.

We arrived much fatigued from this long journey at a village more than half ruined, of which the Sieur Joseph was the curé. Our provisions supplied the supper, in partaking of which the curé joined us, and we slept under the trees, for it was very hot, and we dared not place ourselves in the dilapidated house which was offered us, for fear of being devoured by fleas, which were in a greater quantity than I had ever before seen.

The good curé said mass at break of day, and wishing to give us a breakfast, he did his best for us; we then made up our baggage, mounted our horses, and took the road to Eden, conducted by this good ecclesiastic.

We left many villages on the right and left, and entered a valley at the foot of the first mountains of Lebanon. Our guide showed us one situated in the midst of a vineyard, where, according to the tradition of the country, Noah began to plant the vine. The wine which grows there is very good, so well made, and so agreeable, that a mufti of Tripoli, who was very fond of it, made an authentic declaration, which maintains, that inasmuch as the law forbids every faithful Mussulman to drink wine, on account of the evil effects which that liquor produces; so the knowledge of the good effects of this induced him to declare, that the wise law-giver had no intention to forbid it, not only on account of the profound respect which he had for vines which have succeeded to those which were planted by a patriarch to whom we owe the re-establishment of mankind; but even for its excellent qualities, which place it above every other wine, and especially because it does not occasion an intoxication, which is hurtful to reason, nor to the health of the body; from whence he concludes and declares, that every faithful Mussulman may drink as much as he wishes without offending God or infringing the law of the prophet. This declaration appeared so reasonable to all men of letters, to the Imams and the most austere Dervishes, that they gave their consent and approbation to it, and were the first to drink it, without any other inquietude than to assure themselves, that the wine presented was really from the vines of this great patriarch.

After a journey of six hours through pleasant valleys, and by mountains covered with trees of various kinds, we arrived in a little plain upon a fertile hill, which was entirely covered with walnut and olive trees, in the midst of which is the village of Eden. We crossed it in order to go to the foot of a high mountain, where the habitation of Bishop Paul was situated. This prelate received us with all the cordiality, charity, and politeness imaginable. He gave the necessary orders regarding our horses, and conducted us into his church; and after having performed our devotions, we found large tents had been prepared for us under some walnut trees, in order that we might be cooler and free from the fleas, which swarm by millions in this country. We were served a collation of fruits and milk, with good wine. My companions were so fatigued with the journey and the bad night we had passed with the curé Joseph, that they fell asleep upon very neat mats which were brought to them. I was as fatigued as themselves; but curiosity prevailed over sleep: the

bishop gave me one of his servants, who conducted me to the foot of a high mountain, where I saw a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, under which there is a large spring of very fresh water divided in two branches, one of which is conducted by a canal before the house of the bishop, and which serves for his use, and to water his gardens; and the other branch descends even to the foot of the mountain, which begins to open in this place, and forms a great valley, whose sides, cut like an amphitheatre, are cultivated with care by the inhabitants of Eden. Notwithstanding my fatigue, I could not become weary of surveying this beautiful country. It is truly a diminutive of the earthly paradise, whose name it bears.

I found my companions awake when I returned. We wished to refresh ourselves with the water of the rivulet; but the bishop fearing that it would make us ill, brought himself a pitcher of wine of his own growth, which did not yield to that of the good patriarch Noah.

He had taken care during my absence to have a fat calf killed, with a quantity of fowls and pigeons. All the women of the village were in action, in order to provide us with a good repast. I have never seen so much good will. They made us a delicious soup, several dishes of roasted meat, with fricassees and ragouts in the fashion of the country, which the most fastidious would have found excellent.

We were about to place ourselves at table, when we saw two bishops arrive, followed by three priests, and three deacons, whom the patriarch sent to compliment us on his behalf, and to express his joy at our arrival. The bishop of Eden had no sooner been informed that these prelates were coming, than he set out to meet them with his officers, with cross and incense, in order to receive them worthily. We followed him.

After they had presented to them the cross and the incense, they embraced, and all proceeded to the church; they sung Salut and Vespers, at which we assisted, and were much edified. We had already received the compliments of the patriarch, and I had replied to them for my companions and myself. After this, we placed ourselves at table in the fashion of the country, that is to say, seated upon mats. All the service was of very neat wooden bowls. The largest was filled with porridge made of rice, poultry, beef, and veal, sour milk, and the ends of boiled artichokes. It was excellent. Other bowls were filled with beef, veal, and boiled poultry; others with the same meat roasted, with ragouts, fruits, lemons, sweet and sour milk, and cheeses of different kinds, in such a way that the soup, the boiled, roasted, side-dishes, and the fruits were served altogether, so that each might eat according to his appetite.

The bishop commenced by drinking to the health of the patriarch, and every one rose in order to honour it. They do the same to that of the king, and before going through the like ceremony for other individuals we had time enough to eat well, and to drink still better.

The good bishop of Eden neglected nothing to regale us, and make us drink well. After a long repast we rose, said grace, and at the end of a little conversation, mats were carried into church where we were to sleep, because the air of these mountains was too cold during the night, to allow of our sleeping under the tent in which we had supped. We rested very well for some hours, that is to say, until the break of day, when the bishop came to say the office with his clergy, and mass afterwards. We breakfasted, and thanked him; and he on his side made us many thanks for the honour we had done him in lodging and eating with him. He gave us his blessing, which we received with much respect: he deserved it, for he was a good prelate, who, although simple in his manners, had much wit, spoke perfectly the Turkish, Arabic, Syriac languages, and lived in a very edifying manner.

Whilst they brought our horses, we went to see the village of Eden. It is rather a hamlet than a village. The houses are dispersed and separated from each other by gardens closed in with walls of unhewn stone. The inhabitants are all Christians, and are very honest people, very charitable, united with one another, and living much at their ease.

We left Eden about eight o'clock in the morning, and ascended mountains so steep, that it seemed as if we were arrived at the middle regions of the air. Indeed the sky was clear and serene above us, whilst we saw beneath us thick clouds which dissolved into rain, with which the plain was watered.

At last, after a fatiguing journey of three hours, we arrived at the celebrated cedars about eleven o'clock. Two Capuchin fathers, who were among our company, said mass at the foot of one of these trees; where they found a stone altar which had been built there for many years. I am surprised, that tradition has not said that these altars, for there are several of them, were those where Adam, Abel, and Cain offered sacrifices. Who can dispute this fact? We pass over many things which are not better founded. However this may be, it was there our companions who had not breakfasted offered up their devotions.

We dined off the provisions which the bishop of Eden had obliged us to take with us, and after the repast we employed some time in examining these trees, and the beauty of the place where they are planted. We counted twenty-three. Some travellers have written that it was impossible to know the real number, and that they always mistook in counting. This is an error, we all counted them one after another, and we all found the same number; but it is necessary to have something wonderful and mysterious, even in the slightest things. Without this, there are some minds which cannot rest contented.

It is pretended that these trees are as old as the world, and that they have supported all the fury of the deluge without being rooted up. Their age shows that they were already very ancient, when God chastised the world by this terrible scourge, and that their roots were firm enough in the earth to sustain them. Those which remain, for according to appearances there have been a very great number of them, are so large, that six men holding each other by the hand can scarcely encircle one of them. Now, though we suppose that the arms of a man when

extended, may make from five to six feet, this will only give them from thirty to thirty-six feet in circumference, which does not appear to me an extraordinary size for trees more than six thousand years old.

There are to be seen gum trees in the American Islands which are twenty-six feet in circumference. They had one of this size in the plantation, which the Dominicans have at Marigot in the low grounds of Guadaloupe; and the difference which these religious had with Monsieur Hoüel, Lord and proprietor of this isle, had for its object a tree which the savages call the mahogany tree; and to which the Spaniards, always magnificent in their expressions, have given the name of cedar. This tree is nearly forty feet in circumference. I know a religious who had a mahogany tree cut down in a place named the Park of Guadaloupe, which being made into a square block, had eleven feet on one side, and nine on the other. Thus, without going to Mount Lebanon, we may find trees of a gigantic size, and, notwithstanding, we never think of saying that they are as ancient as the world.

The passage of the royal prophet, in Psalm ciii. concludes nothing for the fact in question. It is true that he says, in speaking of the cedars of Lebanon, that God has planted them: cedri Libani quas plantavit. But is this an argument to prove that God has planted the cedars of Lebanon in a more particular manner than other trees? Not at all: God has created or planted all trees, as well as the cedars of Lebanon. He has created them in all their perfection, loaded them with flowers and fruits, and has placed seeds in the fruits which re-produce the tree. In this sense we may say that God has planted all trees, those even which have sprung out of the earth but a moment since; and in this sense he has planted the cedars of Lebanon, which we see to-day. But that these trees are really the same which left the bosom of the earth at the first order which it received from God, the royal prophet has not pretended, and the passage which they quote in order to prove it, gives no proof whatever.

We cannot deny that they are very old, their size and their height prove it sufficiently; but if we may suppose that they had been created but one foot in diameter, they ought in natural order to be at present more than a hundred feet in diameter, and touch the clouds by their height. We must grant that hard wood grows with more difficulty than soft; but besides that, the cedar is not as hard as other sorts of wood in the four quarters of the world. We may remark, that the hardest trees are in a state at the age of fifty or sixty years, to give planks more than a foot broad. At that rate, what ought we not to expect from cedars which are not of an extreme hardness, which are planted in excellent earth, in a mild climate, and planted, as it is supposed, by the hand of God himself, from so great a number of ages?

What I admire the most is, that the Turks have not wanted them; for all-superstitious as they are, they would have made no more difficulty in felling them down, than Solomon, who cut so great a number for his temple and palace.

The bark of the cedar is like that of the pine. Its leaves and fruit are almost the same shape. It becomes very straight, its wood is hard, and believed to be incorruptible. Its leaves are small, straight, rough, and very green, they are ranged in bunches along the branches; they shoot out at spring, and fall at the beginning of the winter. Its blossoms have empty calixes which produce no fruit. Those which spring forth, and which are like our pine-apples, shoot from the branches. They inclose seeds, which falling on the ground when it is very moist, produce the tree. We see many young ones surrounding the old, which must grow for many years before they attain the size of their predecessors.

There runs from the former during the great heat of summer, naturally, and without any incision, a clear transparent gum, of a whitish colour, which forms and hardens itself. Our druggists call it in Latin *cedria*, and unseasonably some call it *cedar-gum*. Great virtues are attributed to it.

When it is wished to have a greater quantity, incisions are made along the bark, and they draw from it a clear gum of a yellowish colour; it is brittle and of a good smell. It has almost the same virtues, although in an inferior degree; because, being forced from the tree, it is mixed with much sap which is not sufficiently baked.

They rarely carry into France these two sorts of gums. I purchased some pounds of it on the place in order to make presents, and the patriarch gave me a beautiful branch of these venerable trees, and some moderate pieces of their wood, with some of their fruits.

All the branches of the cedar shoot from the trunk, and extend in circumference one above the other, and diminishing in a proportionate manner, which makes them resemble different-sized parasols, lessening in diameter according as they approach the top of the tree. The leaves and the fruit branch upwards, differing from the leaves and fruits of our trees, which hang down.

These venerable trees are preserved with as much care as the authority of the Christians enable them to exercise in the country. It is forbidden to all Christians under pain of excommunication, to break or cut any part of them. Their age, or the weight of the snows, have frequently made the branches fall. Travellers may carry them away, but the Christians of the country take them faithfully to the patriarch, who distributes them as he thinks proper.

The place in which these great trees are planted is a plain about three miles in circumference, placed upon the summit of a mountain, which is almost entirely surrounded by a chain of other mountains so high, that their tops are always covered with snow. It forms as it were a crescent around them. This plain is level; the air which is there breathed is pure, and the sky always serene. The opening of this crescent is closed by a precipice frightfully perpendicular, at the foot of which there is a large spring, which makes in the end a good part of that river of Sainte which passes through this agreeable valley, which has been the habitation of so many holy solitaries.

When we look at this valley from the platform where the cedars are, the mountains which are on its sides form a perspective, the most agreeable and diversified in the world. It is straight, but it is at least three miles long; on its sides are rocks which have in the gaps between them excellent earth, bearing trees, refreshed continually by the water which flows from all parts, and which falling in cascades from rock to rock form columns of water, which sometimes uniting together, sometimes separating, produce a murmur, which joining itself to the noise which the wind excites in the branches and leaves of the trees and shrubs, form a kind of harmonious concert which gladdens the ear, at the same time that the sight and smell are, by the beauty of the country, and by the scents which the odoriferous plants spread on every side.

Leaving the place where the cedars are situated, we continued our route toward Becharraye which is the principal village of Mount Lebanon. We passed through beautiful plains situated on the summit of the steep mountains, whose height we forget in favour of the plains which they support, whose land is filled with gardens, villages, meadows, and white mulberry trees to nourish the silkworms, of which they make a great trade at Tripoli, because the silk which proceeds from them is much admired, and it deserves to be so. All this beautiful country is watered by so great a quantity of fountains and rivers, that the verdure there is continual.

After having walked some hours in these plains, we turned to the left in order to go to Cannobin, and as we descended we discovered always new plains, a little less grand than the first, with villages and hamlets surrounded by trees, which render the country very pleasant.

We passed near Becharraye without entering it, and went to visit a chapel dedicated to Saint Elizabeth. It belongs to the barefooted Carmelites. These good fathers have inherited the spirit of their seraphic mother Saint Teresa; and assuredly they have shown it in the choice which they have made. After they had considered the desert well, and seen parts which would have suited them better, they placed themselves in this spot, and without the certificate of the patriarch they have preserved it and keep it until now.

It was formerly near this chapel that Sieur de Chateuil a gentleman from Aix in Provence passed a great part of his life in austerities, more to be admired than imitated. He died in the odour of sanctity amongst the Christians, and even by the Turks, who have a great veneration for his tomb.

A little beneath this small convent there is a large rivulet, which falls over the rocks, making so much noise as to sound as if there were a great storm.

After having admired the frightful beauty of this place, we yet had need of an hour in order to go to the patriarchal monastery called Cannobin. This name comes from the word Cœnobium, which signifies convent or monastery. They so much regard this monastery as the chief of all the others, that they have called it peculiarly *The monastery;* as the Romans called Rome simply the *city;* and as the Turks, Stamboul, that is to say, "the city, the capital of their empire." Cannobin, or Cœnobium in Latin, and monastery in French, is the patriarchal monastery which the patriarch of the Maronites inhabits. When we observe it from the greatest distance at which it can be seen, it appears to be at the bottom of the valley, and when we arrive there we perceive that it is not half down the side, and that there is a long road to pass over before arriving at the bottom of this valley, so deep is it.

We arrived at last, and we were received by the bishops and the religious with a politeness we can scarcely expect to find in the inhabitants of a frightful desert withdrawn from all society, and whose austere and penitent life is calculated to inspire a certain roughness much opposed to politeness. They conducted us into a large hall, and presented us first with refreshment, whilst some of the brothers led our horses into a large stable, and assisted our valets to unload them and give them some food.

Some of the rest of the brothers went to inform the patriarch of our arrival. He was concealed in a grotto a short distance off, very secret, and with a difficult and well-covered access, to which he retires at the break of day, and from whence he does not return until the evening; because the inhabitants of these mountains were at that time at war with the pasha of Tripoli, who demanded of them a large sum of money, which he did not judge fit to give him, and the pasha would frequently send Turks to carry off the patriarch and conduct him to him, not doubting but that when he should have him in his hands, all the Maronites would sell even their last robes in order to take him out of prison.

The patriarch came half an hour after he had been apprised of our arrival. We kissed his hand with great respect, and he embraced us with tenderness, and made us one of the most polite compliments. I was charged to do the same for our party, I did it in Arabic, which pleased him much. After these ceremonies he conducted us to the church where they sung Salut, which was followed by the Litany of the Blessed Virgin in Syriac, in the same tone as we chant it in Latin in our churches.

Having left the church of the patriarch, we were shown into a large parlour where supper was prepared. There was a great quantity of meat, dressed in the fashion of the country, with fruits preserved in honey, and a great number of earthen pitchers sealed with plaster, full of an excellent wine, which even surpassed that of the good patriarch Noah.

We ate with a good appetite. The patriarch, the bishops, and the priests, who were at table, ceased not to invite us to eat and drink well. Our cups were filled as soon as they were empty, and if we had wished we might have kept at table until the evening.

They brought us cups and glasses of crystal of all sorts of shapes, so beautiful and curious that they might have adorned a cabinet rather than have been used at table. They presented at last one so large, that I think it must have contained three quarts. It frightened our pilgrims so much, that the greater part rose from table. The patriarch, bishops, and priests

who pressed us to drink, did not give us the example; on the contrary, they were very abstemious. Some would drink nothing but water, and it was only to exercise hospitality in its fullest extent, that they gave us such good cheer. Their ordinary life is extremely frugal; they use nothing but vegetables, and very common meats. Their fasts are frequent and very austere; they labour much; rise in the night in order to sing their office, and are all excellent models of the most perfect regularity.

The patriarch, observing that his guests had finished eating, ordered the table to be cleared, and after we had said grace, he made me sit by him, and we were almost two hours in conversation, wherein we had time to discern the vivacity and strength of his wit, as well as that of his bishops and priests.

We separated at last, and we were each conducted into a small and very neat cell, where we found mats, and the coverlets which we had brought with us.

This patriarch was named George, but his name was not upon his seal; it always has upon it these words in Latin and in Syriac; *Petrus Patriarcha Antiochenus*, because St. Peter held his first see at Antioch. They are written around the image of the Blessed Virgin.

This prelate was about fifty years of age, he had a tall and good figure, with light hair and an open and pleasant countenance. He was gifted with great wit, with polite and engaging manners, and was very learned, and extremely regular. He knew indeed but the Arabic and Syriac languages, but he had always about him Priests who had studied at Rome, and who knew the Latin and Italian languages.

He was simply attired in a robe of dark cloth, his head covered with a large round turban of blue cotton. Formerly he wore white, but has been obliged to take the blue since the Turks became masters of the country, and have appropriated to themselves the right of alone wearing the white turban. The Maronites have not discontinued sometimes wearing it, but they wear silk, in room of the Turks, who wear linen, yet they do not hazard this colour in places where the Turks are absolutely the masters. When the patriarch is dead, the archbishops and bishops assemble and elect another. They choose him from amongst them who have the most virtue, merit, and talent, to govern the people who are subject to him. After the election, they send the ballot to the pope, in order to have him confirm it, and to obtain the pallium.

All the Maronite prelates lead a very regular and very austere life; they are dressed meanly, and all that they have for their income is what the earth produces through the labour of their hands. We do not see among them the pomp of our European prelates; their ornaments are neat though poor. It is virtue that adorns them, and not richly embroidered stuffs, gold and silver; their crosses are only of wood, but they have bishops' of gold. Thus all the Christians entertain great respect for them, and pay a blind obedience to all their commands. They kiss the hands of the archbishop, the bishops, and the priests, and the feet of the patriarch. They revere the dignity of their characters in the merit of the person; they respect them as their fathers and superiors, and their manner of living and treating with them is a beautiful lesson for those who, like us, have emancipated themselves from living in a manner so much opposed to that to which our laws oblige us.

(To be continued.)

CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM.

Creator of the starry host,
Of faithful souls the guiding star
When on life's pathless ocean tossed;
Redeemer, hear our suppliant prayer.

Who pitying from Thine inmost soul
This world all lost to heaven and Thee,
Hast by Thy death its wounds made whole
And set the captive sinner free:

Who in its mournful vesper hour
Did'st from a Virgin womb proceed,
Defend us with Thy saving power,
Spouse of our souls in every need.

To whose all powerful majesty
Let every knee be prostrate bowed,
Let all in heaven and earth obey,
And thee confess the eternal God.

Thy mercy then let us implore
Who as our judge wilt surely come,
That from our cruel enemy's power
Thou shield us in that day of doom.

To Him who with His only Son
And Holy Spirit reigns in heaven,
Be honour, praise, and benison
Through never ending ages given.

THE BASIS OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

We do not hesitate to say that ancient literature—the Greek and Latin languages—should be the foundation of the education of youth. If you change the system, we venture to affirm you will cause the national mind to degenerate. Infancy is pre-eminently apt for the study of language, because at that age the understanding, unfit for the exercise of reflection, is well disposed for that of memory. * * Without the ancient languages we do not know antiquity; we have but a pale, imperfect representation of it; now, antiquity, we venture to say, to an age proud of itself, is that which is most beautiful in the world. Independently of its beauty, it possesses for childhood an unequalled merit—that of simplicity. If simple food be necessary for the body of a child, it will also be necessary for its mind; as their palates should not be palled by things too savoury, the mind should not be stimulated by the often exaggerated beauty of modern literature. Homer, Sophocles, and Virgil, should occupy, in the teaching of literature, the same place that Phidias and Praxiteles occupy in the teaching of the Arts. And it is not merely words that children are taught when they learn Latin and Greek; they are noble and sublime things, the history of human nature under images simple, great, and ineffaceable.—*M. Thiers.*

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